

# Oxford Democrat.

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C. W. Shiflet,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

YOUTH IN AGE.

BY MRS. MARIET JONES.

Who looks to Spring for bright but flowers,  
And sitting birds on restless wing?  
What less delight when Summer glowers,  
To hear the sultry locust sing?  
But to his soul new hope inflows,  
Who, through the hopeless, glaring sheen  
Of Winter's frosts and drifting snows,  
Sees trusting peep the evergreen.

'Tis rare the hand that blights the vale  
And strips the forest of its pride,  
Shields from the fury of the gale  
The rose that blossoms at their side.  
Youth and his hopes advance to Age;  
Age clasps his mem'ries to his breast;  
Far flings the grapes with sad presage,  
That erst his fingers prest.

Give Age Youth's hopes; give Youth a spring  
Of retrospection, weeping clear;

But higher hopes and nobler things—

Without a stain of grief or fear.

He then shall rise, not aid and alone,

Like Thebe's columns from the sand,

But ivy-crowned and moss o'ergrown,

His beauty stays the spoiler's hand.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour  
As sweet as Heaven designed it;

Now need we room to bring it home,

Though few there be that find it!

We seek to high for things close by,  
And loose what nature found us;  
For life has here no charms so dear  
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy  
For future hopes—and praise them;  
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
If we but stoop to raise them!

For things afar still sweeter are  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;

But soon we're taught that earth has naught  
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,  
When Hope's last reed is shaken,

To show us still, that come what will,

We are not quite for-a-ken:—

Though all were right, it but the light  
From Friendship's altar crowned us;

'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—

Our Home and Friends around us!

PHYSICAL ANATOCUS.

From the People's Magazine.

SURVEY OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I have been so out of the world for the last three months, that I am not qualified to comment on the events which have been passing in it. I have been sailing up the Nile, far into Nubia, some hundreds of miles beyond post-offices and Newspapers; so that on my return to Cairo, I have to learn and to think over the news of the world, instead of remarking upon it. But I have been taking another kind of Survey, full as interesting to me as that of the busy living race—a survey of Time instead of circumstance: and it may be well, for once, to speak of this—not only because my own mind is full of it, but because it is good for us all to have our thoughts now and then called off from present affairs, and fixed on a point of view which commands a wider prospect.

We are all apt to overrate the importance of our own times, our own work, our own experience. I do not speak of this as a fault in us—it is natural to the human mind; and a good in its effects; for we should hardly put our full strength into our work, or our hearty interest into the events of every day, if we saw how small a proportion any thing present bears to the history of our race. This struck me powerful by the other day, when I was standing on the highest stone of the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt.—The present famine in Ireland and England seem, naturally enough, to those in full view or experience of them, the most important events that ever happened in the world; but it is worth while to the rest till it came round to the river again. The look back to famines which occurred in the eastern part of the world several thousands of years ago, and see if any thing could be more important than their consequences. During several months past, there have been floods in various parts of Europe, sweeping away dwellings and produce, and causing the loss of some

lives. To those on the spot, this event appears like the end of the world—the greatest calamity in the experience of man. But, look over from where I stood, there was a place almost within view where a great flood arose, and destroyed a mighty monarch and all his hosts, and affected the destiny of the human race to the end of time. Again, we are vain of the enlightenment of our age; we think that our knowledge is almost all new, and that we are able to do things by steam, water power, electricity, the telescope, the printing press, &c., which were never before dreamed of by man. A survey of the past from the heart of Egypt may show us whether this is true, and perhaps sober our views in regard to our own attainments and the prospects of the race.

It was for some time taken for granted on the assertion of scholars who judged so hastily, that our globe had been created about 6000 years, that is about 4000 years before Christ; and also that Man was created at the same time. The science of geology has proved that the world is very much older than had been supposed; and that it had lasted a long time, inhabited by curious beasts and fishes, of a kind that we never see how, before Man was created. And now the more we look into Egyptian history, the more clear it becomes that we have been mistaken in our judgment of the lapse of centuries, and that 6000 years ago, some nations were so busy about their works of art, their farming, manufactures, literature, and philosophy, as we are now. When any one speaks to us of 6000 years ago, we think of Adam and Eve gardening in Paradise;—no such thing having been thought of as human abodes, or clothing, or any of the arts of life, or transactions of men living in society; but it is now believed, with good reason, that the pyramid on which I stood the other day was there in its place 6000 years ago; and it is certain that the building of that pyramid is a thing which could not be done now,—with all our boasts of our national resources. We cannot even understand how it was done.

The mighty mass of building covers eleven acres of ground, and is built of blocks of stone so enormous that it is inconceivable how, with any length of time, or number of men, they could have been brought from the quarry and raised to their proper places. It was once smooth and polished on the outside; and its history was engraved upon it in hieroglyphic characters. So the old historians tell us. But now the smooth outside is all gone; taken, probably by means of his integrity,—the symbol of which he carried on his right hand. Thus early did the people of this country believe that the soul lived after the body was dead; and that its integrity was the means of its blessedness.

These tombs have been prepared for their owners, occupied by the embalmed bodies, and closed up for a far future age to open; the mighty pyramids had been built and their appearance had grown familiar to generations, and their builders—tens of thousands in number—had long slept in their graves, when a rich Arab entered the country, with his flocks and servants and family, to seek subsistence for them all in the fertile valley of the Nile, as the people on his own plains were more than could be fed. This rich Arab and his train traversed the Delta, no doubt, to arrive at the great city of the great monarch of Lower Egypt; and he must have been conquered first by the Persians and then by Alexander the Great. I will only observe that Moses was the son-in-law of a priest, and must therefore have been of the priestly caste; of that class which held more knowledge, more wealth, and a higher station, than any other.

An old Egyptian historian declares that Moses was himself a learned priest of Heliopolis. We cannot suppose this to be true; but it shows how he was connected in the popular belief with the priesthood, and naturally much of his system must have been derived from the institutions of the country he was brought up in.

The landscape which we overlooked was this. From near the foot of the pyramid to the northern horizon stretched the line which divides the sandy desert from the fertile plain which extends to the Nile. The line of separation was wavy, and marked by a little canal, which had still in it some of the water left by the inundation. To the east of this line, filling up the landscape to the river, and vanishing in the northern horizon, spreads the most fertile plain in the world,—covered with green crops, dotted with villages of brown mud houses, overshadowed with palms—and marked by a faint line of causeway here and there; and by many threads of blue water. To the east was the Nile, about five miles from us at the nearest point, but winding away from the furthest north to the utmost south. Beyond the river spread the beautiful city of Cairo; its white citadel crowned by a lofty rock, and being itself backed by the rocky heights of the Mokattam Hills. These eastern hills then spread away southwards into the Arabian desert, which allowed the eye no

small portion of the landscape to be seen. The heat, and a few brown Arab tents, not far from the Pyramids. For a few miles to the

Pyramids, which occurred in the circuit of the landscape was completed by the Lybian desert; the parched, glaring desert, seen the unshaded brick—crude brick, it is called—which cannot be made without a large ad

mixture of straw to bind it. The soil of the

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1847.

OLD SERIES, NO. 22, VOLUME 16.

Nile valley is moistened, worked up with cut straw, moulded, and laid in the hot sun of this country to dry. Some such bricks bear the name and mark of very early kings. To make these bricks was the work assigned to the Israelites, in which they were so cruelly oppressed.

I could see them with my mind's eye, as if it were but in the last century, as I looked down from the pyramid on the brick remains below us, and the dwellings of the plain, and over towards Goshen, which was given to the Israelites while they were in favor; and again over the eastern hills through which Moses led his people when the oppression became too bitter to be borne. Nearer than these hills, and close by Cairo, lies the island of Roda, where tradition says Moses was found by the king's daughter. But this is, of course, a very doubtful point, and on which I cared little about while gazing on the same leading features of natural scenery as were before him all the days of his youth.

One impression has taken me by surprise. I used to wonder—and always did till now—that stupidity of the Israelites which so angered their leader—their pining after Egypt, after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a place of such cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wonder no longer having seen and felt the desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately, just at sunset, the scene struck up on my heart, oppressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickest and richest clover to the height of eighty feet. Their tops waved gently in the breeze which ruffled the surface of a blue pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lights and sharp shadows among the banks where a stream had lately made its way. The yellow sand hills of the desert just showed themselves between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view where some carefully tilled fields, with strong wheat, lupins and purple bean blossoms: and some melon and cucumber patches were not far off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses; and on the bank near sat an old woman and boy and girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment; though the magical coloring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to the English eyes. But what must it have been in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert where there is no color, except at sunrise and sunset, but only

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JOKING FARMERS.

BY SEDA SMITH.

In the land of steady habits, in the good old days of the early pilgrims and the reign of Blue Laws, there dwelt on the banks of the Connecticut two sturdy farmers, by the names of Thompson and Jones, whose eccentric and fun-loving characters formed a striking contrast with all their stern, straight-jacket-neighbors. Their farms were adjoining each other, and they always lived on intimate and friendly terms. They would borrow and lend hoes, harrows, and ploughs, exchange days' work at laying time and harvest, go to each other's huskings, and join their teams to break out the roads and haul out wood in the winter. Their great peculiarity which marked them so distinctly from their neighbors, was their love for fun and fondness for practical jokes.

As the other neighbors were so dissimilar in their habits and feelings, that they would hold but little intercourse with those 'son of Belial,' Thompson and Jones were naturally thrown more exclusively upon each other for society, and their hard practical jokes were consequently played off upon each other with the utmost good humor, and he that could joke the hardest was the best fellow.

Thompson had a valuable sheep which was prone to gadding, and which grew rather fond of neighbor Jones, clover field.—Jones had turned the sheep out several times, and remonstrated with Thompson against the intrusion and trespass. Thompson only laughed, and told Jones he must keep better fence or poorer feed. His sheep was a sheep of excellent taste and sound judgment, and certainly ought not to be blamed for looking out for number one.

Now, after considering these things, and seeing that Egypt was while the rest of the known world was in an infantile or barbarous state, what becomes of our pride of knowledge and achievement? It is clear that the Egyptians of the time of Abraham, and for generations before his day, could do things of which we are incapable, and had knowledge which is yet concealed from us. Amidst their abstract religion and high philosophy, they pursued a fierce and cruel warfare—as was men's way in the early ages of the world. Amidst our nobler and purer religion, and the lights of many thousand years, men and nations now are quarreling and fighting, and cannot even carry the point that every member of society shall have sufficient food. Surely, there is matter for deep consideration here.

The land of Egypt is now inhabited by Arabs who know nothing, hope nothing, care for nothing, but living on as quietly as they can under a despotism which they cannot resist. Parents cut off their children's best finger, that they may be unable to write, or to fire off a musket; and if a man earns anything that he likes, he conceals it, lest it should be taken from him. They build and their hovels on the holy roofs. They burn statues for lime, and split the head of a granite colossus to make mill-stones. They light fires against the painted walls of antique tombs and, in search of treasure, crush under foot the bones of the kings. The temples are filling up with the sand of the desert, and the tombs are decaying under the ignorance and violence of man. But the sand of the desert is a friendly preserver, and may be only withdrawing a great book of knowledge for a time, for restoration when it can be better used. The key to the hieroglyphic language which they bear is been discovered. While secure of this, and knowing that a vast monumental treasure lies safe and dry beneath the sand for 1000 miles along the Valley of the Nile, we may trust that the light of old Egypt will not be lost, but burn more brightly when the ages have removed living man further into the future. In these days there will be some one to take a truly rich, and curious, and varied survey from the Pyramids.

NEWSPAPERS.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, (says Mr. Weeks,) is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of a family being one of its heads and having a more immediate charge of children, she should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earning in a tavern or grog-shop, who ought to have been reading. How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

The despised Israelites spread, and conquered their enemies, and became a nation powerful enough to have acknowledged intercourse of war or peace with the kings of Egypt. King Solomon married a princess born and reared in the Nile valley; and when Solomon died, his father-in-law, Shishak, went up against Jerusalem, and brought home many captives and grievous spoil. I have seen on the walls of the great temple of Karnak, at Thebes, a sculptured group of Jewish captives, whom the conqueror was holding by the hair of their heads, and raising his war knife over them, while they implored mercy with uplifted hands.

These battle pieces abound on the walls and gates of the great temples which are ranged along the Nile valley as far as it has been explored; and they remind every one who looks at them of the battles of Homer's poems—except in the great point that Homer makes the gods take part in wars, while the Egyptian gods were too high an order to be so deloused by human passions. Some scholars think that Homer had seen the city of Thebes, of which he gives such magnificent reports, and where he represents the gods as coming down to visit the noble inhabitants. It is pleasant to think, while gazing abroad, that the fathery of poetry saw gods take part in wars, while the Egyptian gods were too high an order to be so deloused by human passions. Some scholars think that Homer had seen the city of Thebes, of which he gives such magnificent reports, and where he represents the gods as coming down to visit the noble inhabitants. It is pleasant to think, while gazing abroad, that the fathery of poetry saw gods take part in wars, while

Our readers may recollect that some time since our correspondent at Saltillo informed us of a great excitement occasioned there by the arrival of two Mexican officers from San Luis with despatches for Gen. Taylor. They were supposed to be propositions for peace, but turned out to be solemn enquiries whether it was the General's intention "to conduct the war according to the manner adopted by the Camanches."

The wrath of Gen. Taylor at the preposterous insolence of the Mexicans was described as ludicrous, but we have never seen his reply till now. In the Mexican papers lately received, the whole correspondence is given in Spanish. The letter to Gen. Taylor was from Gen. Morley Villamil, and dated the 10th of May.

The nature of it will be sufficiently disclosed by Gen. Taylor's reply which we translate.

HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR MONTEREY, May 19, 1847.

Sir—I received yesterday your communication of the 10th inst. which informs me that you are instructed by the President's substitute of the Republic to address me with a view to demand from me a categorical reply, "whether my wishes and my instructions are to prosecute the war in conformity to the laws of nations and as war is conducted by civilized countries, or as barbarous tribes carry it on among themselves, it being understood that Mexico is disposed and resolved to accept the manner which is proposed or carried out, and awaits the result in order to dictate its measures accordingly."

If these instructions were not communicated to me through an authority as highly respectable as yourself, I should refuse to believe they emanated from the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, containing, as in fact they do contain in my judgment, an implied but not less deliberate insult towards me and towards the government which I have the honor to represent. Viewing them in this light, I shall decline giving the categorical reply which is demanded of me, which I do with the respect due to his Excellency the President.

As you have thought fit to communicate to me the instructions of your government at some length upon the manner in which the war has been carried on upon my part, I improve the opportunity to make some remarks upon the subject.

The outrages to which especial reference is made, came to my knowledge after they had been perpetrated, and I can assure you that neither yourself nor the President of the Republic can have felt deeper pain than that which I felt on that occasion. All the means at my disposal within the limits of our laws were employed, but in the greater number of cases fruitlessly, to identify and punish the delinquents.

I cannot suppose that you have been so ill-informed as to believe that such atrocities were committed by my connivance, order or consent or that they by themselves give an idea of the manner in which the war has been prosecuted in this part of Mexico. They were truth unfortunate exceptions, caused by circumstances which I could not control.

It appears to me in point to inform you that from the moment the American army set foot upon the territory of Mexico, it has suffered individually the loss of officers and soldiers who have been assassinated by Mexicans, sometimes almost in sight of their own camp. An outrage of this character preceded the melancholy affair at Catano.

I do not mention these truths with the view of justifying in any manner the practice of retaliation, because my government is sufficiently civilized to make a distinction between the lawless acts of individuals and the general policy which governs the operations of an enemy; but you have endeavored to make a comparison between our respective governments in regard to the manner in which they conduct the war, which I cannot pass without remark. In this connection it should be borne in mind that the Mexican troops have given to the world the example of killing the wounded upon the field of battle.

As you have adverted to the requisition which I have made upon the people of these States to make indemnity for the losses incurred by the destruction of one of our trains, I take the liberty of informing you that this was not the act of the Mexican troops exclusively, but that the rancheros of the country were chiefly concerned in it; and that the subsequent assassination and the mutilation of the unarmed teamsters, were marked by atrocious barbarity unequalled in the present war.

It is with pain that I find myself under the necessity of addressing you in a manner to which I am little accustomed; but I have been provoked to do so by the object and manner of your communication, which is objectionable, in my estimation, as well in its insinuations as in its tone.

With respect to the implied threat of retaliation, I beg you to understand that I hold it at its true worth, and that I am at all times prepared to act accordingly, whatever may be the policy or mode of carrying on the war which the Mexican Government or its generals may think it proper to adopt. I am, sir, with much respect, your obedient servant.

Chloride of soda is said, in the London Lancet to be an effectual cure for a burn. An attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtains of his bed, got his hands burned and blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, four ounces of the solution to a pint of water, had it poured into soup-plates, wrapped his hands in hot as no skin was broken, and so kept them for some time. Next morning he was as perfectly well, that only one small patch of burn remained, yet an hour had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to heal scalds and a black eye.

How forcibly the comments of British press upon these two operations prove what we have

FROM GEN. TAYLOR'S CAMP.  
The New Orleans papers of the 17th inst. contain nothing new from the army under General Scott.

Dr. Johnson, of General Wool's division, came passenger in the Palmetto, direct from the headquarters of Generals Taylor and Wool. The doctor informs the editor of the Delta that there were twenty seven hundred men encamped at Buena Vista on the 9th inst.

Notice had been received of the approach of one thousand Mexican cavalry within six miles of Buena Vista, being a portion of a strong body who are said to be advancing on San Luis under the command of Generals Valencia and Salas.

There were between four and five thousand troops at Luis, but Gen. Salas expected strong reinforcements from Zaratecas.

At the time Dr. Johnson left, Gen. Taylor was awaiting reinforcements at Walnut Springs, with the 16th Regiment, Bragg's battery and two squadrons of dragoons.

In anticipation that Camargo would furnish two thousand men, Gen. Taylor hoped soon to be sufficiently strengthened to march on to San Luis.

Dr. Johnson left Saltillo on the 27th ult.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 2, 1847.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

OXFORD SENATORIAL AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of Oxford Senatorial District will be held by their Delegates at the Court House in Paris, on Tuesday, the nineteenth day of August next, at ten of the clock A. M., for the purpose of selecting Three Candidates for the State Senate, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Also—A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of the County of Oxford will be held on the same day, and at the same place, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting three Candidates for the County Senate, to be supported at the ensuing election.

The usual basis of representation will be observed. All towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will be entitled to one Delegate; over fifty and less than one hundred and twenty, two; over one hundred and twenty, three; over two hundred and fifty and less than four hundred, four; over four hundred, five Delegates.

By order of County Committee.

July 12th, 1847.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

As there is a Committee in the Oxford portion of the 4th Congressional District, and as it is understood that the Oxford towns are to select a Delegate to the State Convention, it is necessary to have a nomination of candidates for President and Vice President.

At four o'clock P. M. for the purpose of selecting our Delegate to attend the Senatorial and County Conventions to be held at the Court House in said town on the 18th of August next.

Also—To nominate a candidate to be supported at the ensuing election for Representative to the House.

A punctual and full attendance is requested.

By order of Town Committee.

PARIS, JULY 26, 1847.

ELECTION.....MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR,

John W. Dana.

The only American print in which we have noticed any praise of the British attack on Canton is the Atlas. Even the Providence Journal entertains just and patriotic sentiments on the subject, which we copy:

"It is not necessary to go further back into history than the latest newspapers to find an example of British attack upon a defenceless and unoffending population, compared to which the bombardment of Vera Cruz was almost a work of christian charity. The capture of the Chinese forts and the advance upon the city of Canton by Sir John Davis, furnish this example. The British commander having some cause of complaint against the Chinese authorities, suddenly assembled his forces and having destroyed the forts in the river and taken possession of the defences of the city, prepared for a bombardment of Canton, which was only prevented by the prompt submission of the Chinese governor to all the demands of the invaders. This was done without any notice to non-combatants, without giving the women and children an opportunity to escape, and even without a declaration of war. None of those preliminaries were regarded by which it is customary among civilized nations to mitigate the horrors of an assault or a bombardment.

A tribe of Indians could scarcely have conducted with more indiscriminate hostility than the British commander up to the moment when the complete submission of the Chinese took from him every excuse for carrying into execution his threat to bombard the city. What imagination can depict the horrors of the scene, had not timely submission averted the vengeance of the invaders! The city population, incapable of defence, and offering an unresisting prey to the infuriated soldiery! And the newspaper which called the bombardment of Vera Cruz cruel and cowardly, and the expedition of Sir John Davis as gallant and honorable, and reckon the result as among the proudest achievements of British valor!

How forcibly the comments of British press upon these two operations prove what we have

several times referred to, the prejudice and coloring which everything relating to foreign affairs receives in passing through the alembe of British journalism. The specimen to which we have referred is by no means an uncommon or an exaggerated one. Yet it is from such sources

that we gather chiefly our facts upon the affairs of continental Europe and of the eastern world, and not our facts only, but our opinions; with what degree of correctness it is easy to perceive."

GREENVILLE, Tuesday Eve., July 21, 1847.

COL. MILLETT.—Dear Sir: Here I am at the foot of Moose Head Lake, greatly enjoying the refreshing breeze coming from the Lake, after suffering much from the heat of a scorching sun during the day. What say you, a hot sun away up so far north? Yes. It is trying to make up for the cold that prevailed during the first part of the season, and is, I think, in a fair way to succeed. Why, it is hot enough here, where my people think the sun rises and sets but twice a year, to melt any thing, but the heart of a bigoted christian, or a selfish politician.

Through the politeness of Messrs. Gove and Bigney, a small party of us have this day had a fine excursion on the Lake, on board the Steam-Boat AMPHITRITE, goddess of the sea, because wife of Neptune. This boat was built by A. Conant, Esq. of Skowhegan, and C. W. Gove, Esq. of Greenville, and others, and is of about one hundred tons burden. She is used principally in the fall to carry supplies over the lake for lumbermen, and in the spring to take logs across to the outlet on the South West side of the lake, and turn them down the Eastern branch of the Kennebec River. In the summer she is fitted up for the accommodation of travellers and parties of pleasure. Passengers are treated with the greatest attention and politeness, and the Master, and his associates, being well acquainted with the Lake and surrounding country, can readily give travellers any information they may wish respecting it.

This Lake, though much the largest body of fresh water in New England, is not so large as many have supposed, being less than fifty miles in length, and fifteen in width. It abounds in Islands. Sagar and Deer Islands, it is said, are sufficiently large for townships. Much of the land is excellent, and the work of "clearing" has already commenced. On the East side, about twenty miles from the foot of the Lake, is Mount Kennebec, one of the highest mountains in the State. It extends from the main land into the Lake, and in the time of a freshet is said to be wholly surrounded by water, appearing like a vast mountain in the sea. In the vicinity of this mountain flint stone is found in great abundance; indeed, it is said that nearly the whole mountain is composed of flint rock. At its base is a large tavern establishment, Kennebec Hotel, kept by Squire Burrows, who with his accomplished lady, is admirably fitted for such a place.

Travellers and parties of pleasure are of course entertained in the best possible manner.

A guide is always in attendance to direct those who may wish to ascend the mountain to its summit, where they can see, if not all the kingdoms of this world, a large portion of this State, and some of the British territory, especially that part usually obtained from Maine. On your return, and aboard the boat you soon find yourself at the foot of the Lake. Persons wishing to travel in the summer season for health or amusement, cannot find a more pleasant resort, in all the wilds of New England. The means of conveyance is very convenient, there being a regular Stage three times a week to Bangor, and the roads all the way excellent.

To give you some idea of the vast amount of business done on and about this Lake, I have only to inform you that more than ten hundred tons of freight were carried across this Lake the last season, more than six hundred of which was hay, vast quantities of hay cut about the Lake beyond the settlements. This year more than five hundred acres of grass, I am informed, will be now laid over land cleared for the purpose of getting hay for logging teams. For the carrying of this freight and other purposes, besides the Steam-Boat, there are several schooners and small boats without number. A large amount of supplies carried across the Lake are used by men living on the Penobscot waters. Between the Lake and these waters there are but two short carrying places, and these are soon to be crossed by a railroad constructed with a wooden track for that purpose, so that there will be a direct communication from the Lake to the Penobscot, and thence to the waters of the St. John's River, and by a much better and cheaper route than by the way of Fish River. This will of course greatly increase the carrying business on the Lake, and the demand for "teamsters" as the teamsters are called, employed in hauling supplies to the Lake, till they have a Rail Road.

Whenever a Rail Road is constructed, as there soon will be, from the Kennebec to the Penobscot River, it will probably pass within thirty miles at least of the Lake, and then there

will be a branch extending to the Lake, the stock in which will pay a higher per centage than that of almost any other. You may think me visionary; but when you take into consideration the great amount of business done here, and at the North of this, the vast amount of timber that would then be brought into use, now worthless, because so far from market, and have some little idea of the immense travel there is through this section, you may alter your opinion.

Situated as this Village is at the foot of the Lake, it must soon become a place of still more extensive business. For a description of this town, and several others, including Skowhegan and Bloomfield, accompanied with a few general remarks upon various subjects, you will please wait till my next.

SERUS.

To Corn Stores on Speculation. He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.—Proverbs, xi. 29.

Probably meaning selling it cheap.

FROM GEN. TAYLOR'S CAMP.

The New Orleans papers of the 17th inst. contain nothing new from the army under General Scott.

Dr. Johnson, of General Wool's division, came

passenger in the Palmetto, direct from the

headquarters of Generals Taylor and Wool.

The doctor informs the editor of the Delta that there were twenty seven hundred men encamped at Buena Vista on the 9th inst.

Dr. Johnson left Saltillo on the 27th ult.

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